Poetry Allsorts 1

Compiled by Roger Mansfield Illustrated by Yvonne Ashby

BERKSHIRE
WOODLANDS PARK
COUNTY PRIMARY SCHOOL.
EDUCATION COMMITTEE

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Edward Arnold

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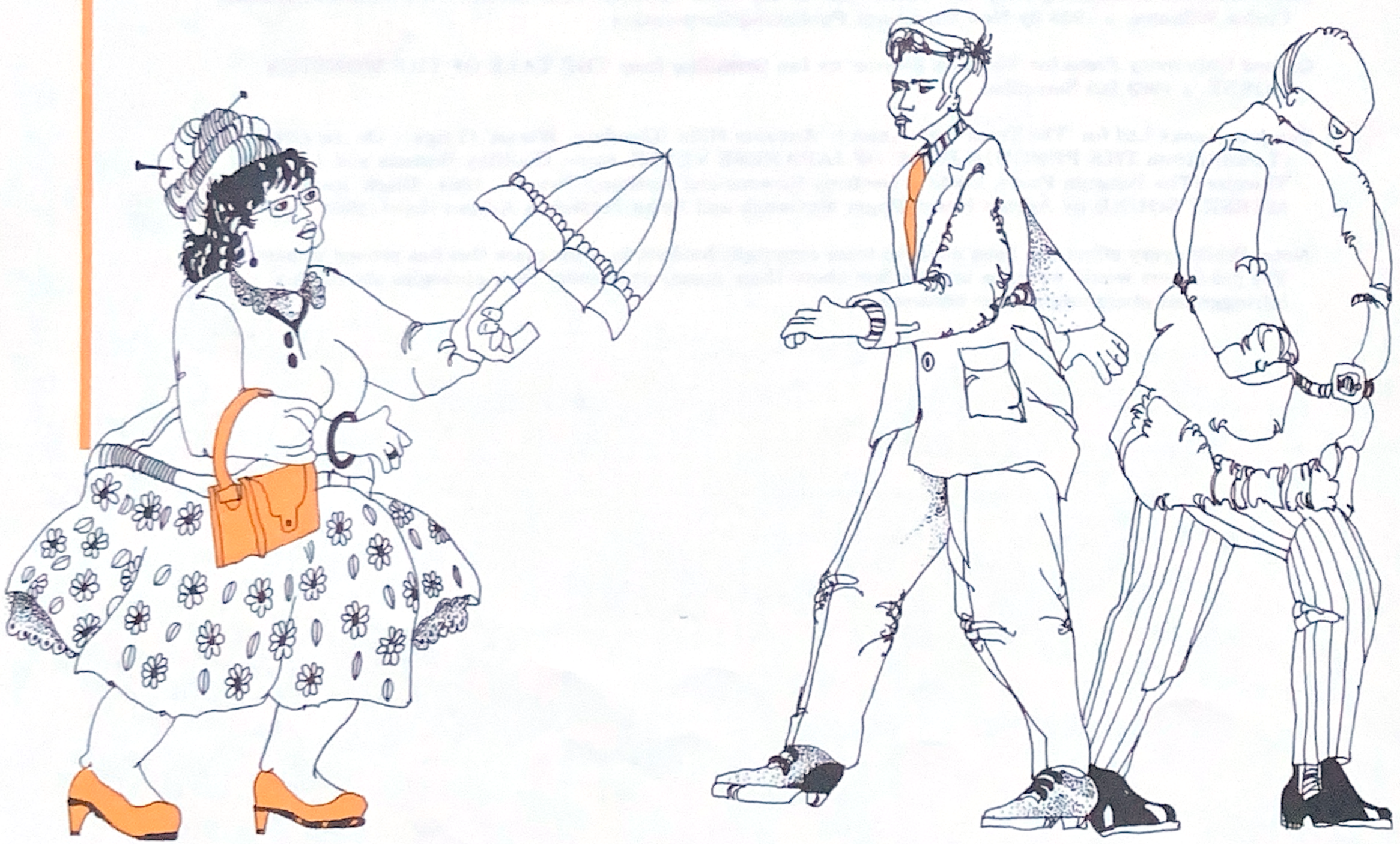
The Tram-car

The tram-car full
'Stop shoving', they shout,
And go on shoving.

Anonymous (Japanese)



Shopping

Shopping, shopping everywhere,
People pushing everywhere.
Tins of meat and bars of soap,
Baskets full and tumbling over.
Sweets for little children.

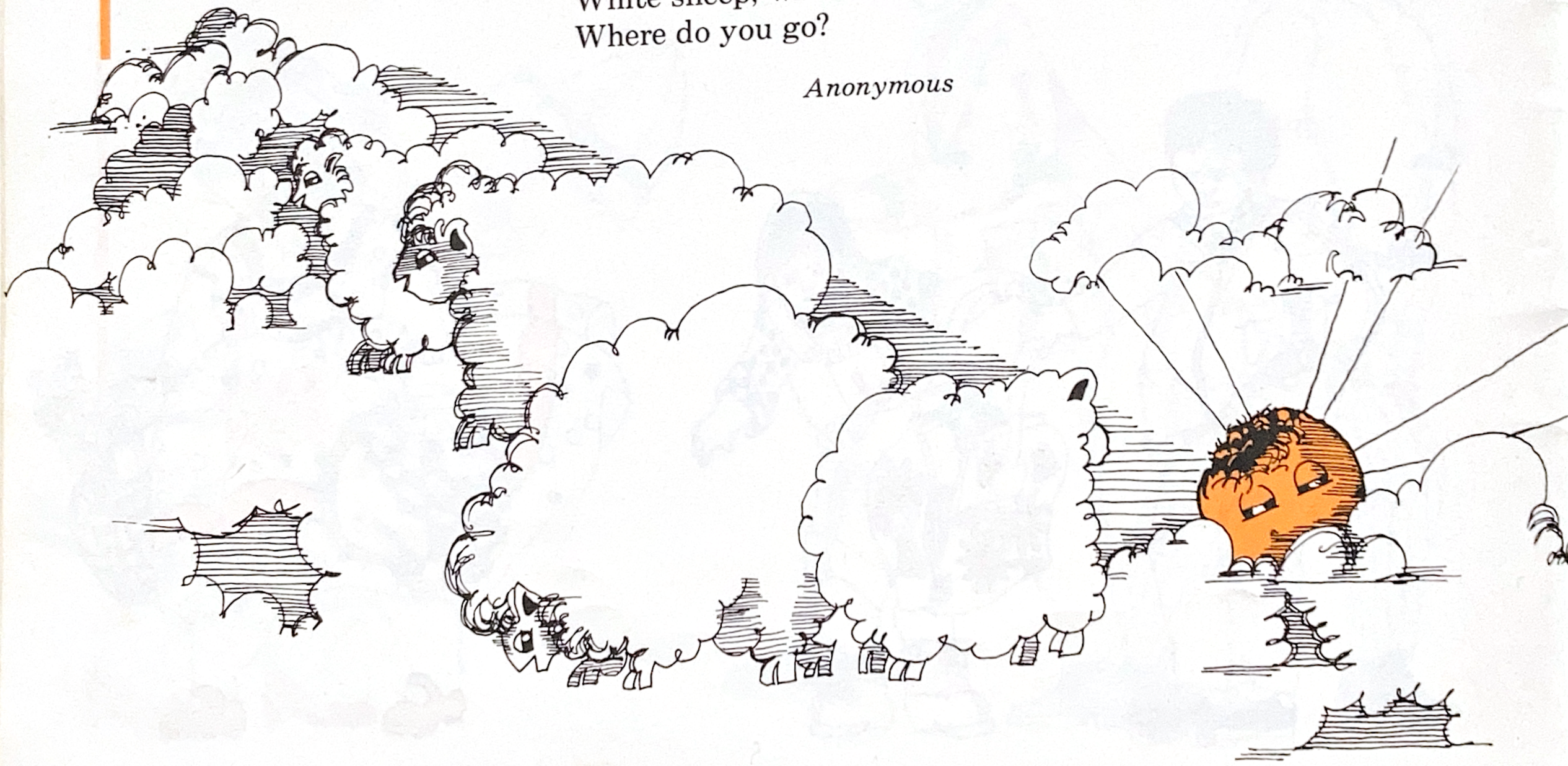
Jacqueline Taylor

Clouds

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the winds stop
You all stand still.

You all run away
When the winds blow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

Anonymous



Looking Up

High high
in the sky
all the clouds
go floating by.

I like to see
the clouds so high

Like bombs
they puff and drift
in the sky.

Michael Stockley

Black

Black
Black
Black
Boxes
Black
Light
Black
Moonlight
Black
Emptiness
Black
Dust
Black
Boxes
Black
Black
Black.

Adrian Henri

Colours

silver rain

golden light

make

cherry red

lilac white

Paul Thomas

The Gingerbread Man

Smiling girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys;
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

Anonymous

A Fine Lady

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Anonymous

A Clown

There is a clown
who has a red red carrot nose.
And he has black eyebrows
as black as the nightfall.
His mouth is as big as the moon.
His face is as white as the snow.

Ruth Newman

A Crooked Man

There was a crooked man,
and he went a crooked mile.

He found a crooked sixpence
against a crooked stile.

He bought a crooked cat,
which caught a crooked mouse.

And they all lived together
in a little crooked house.

Anonymous

Old Chairs to Mend

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Cry chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

Anonymous

A Tumble-down House

There once was a house
    A tumble-down house
With two old windows
    And one bent door.

An ugly house
    It had broken shelves
And old beds in.

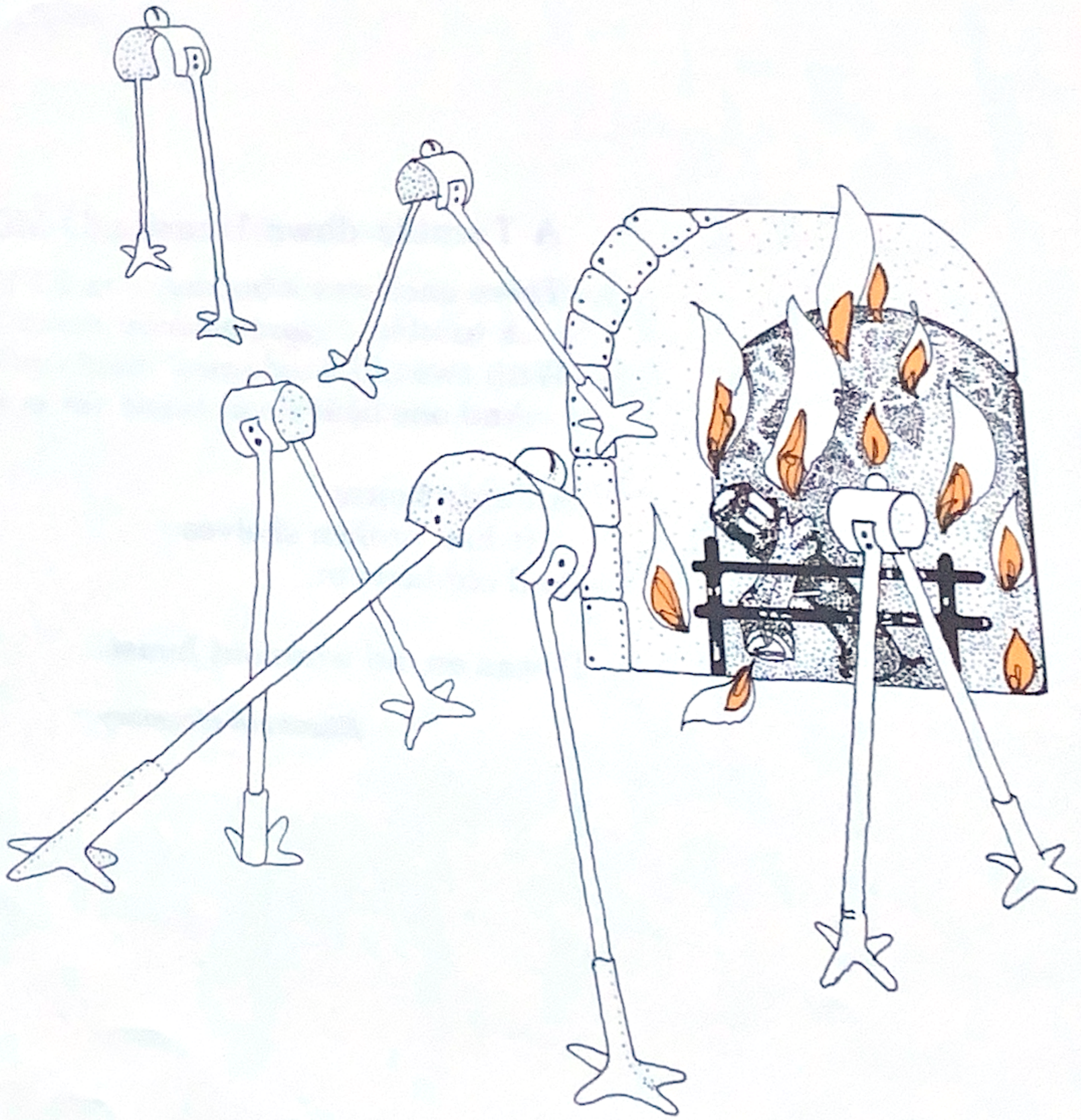
It was an old worn out house.

Elizabeth Nowotny

Tongs

Long legs,
Crooked thighs,
Little head,
And no eyes.

Anonymous



Cherries

Cherries are like
little red balls
made into ear-rings.

Kim Lawrence

Autumn Hills

Autumn hills:
Here and there
Smoke is rising.

Kato Gyodai

Guy Fawke's Night

The sky gets bright
On Guy Fawke's night
Please keep back from the bonfire.
The rockets shoot up
The jumping jacks jump.
We all dance round the bonfire.
The sparklers we hold
Are silver and gold,
Hear the crackle of the bonfire.
Now we're in bed
The fire is dead.
We will dream of our bonfire.

Karen Moody

Little Robin Red-breast

Little Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail
Needle-naddle went his head,
Wiggle-waggle went his tail.

Anonymous

On the Grass

Goose running along the lane:
Shadow, too, running along the lane.

Goose running over the lawn:
Shadow, too, running over the lawn.

White goose and her shadow,
Running . . . running . . . running.

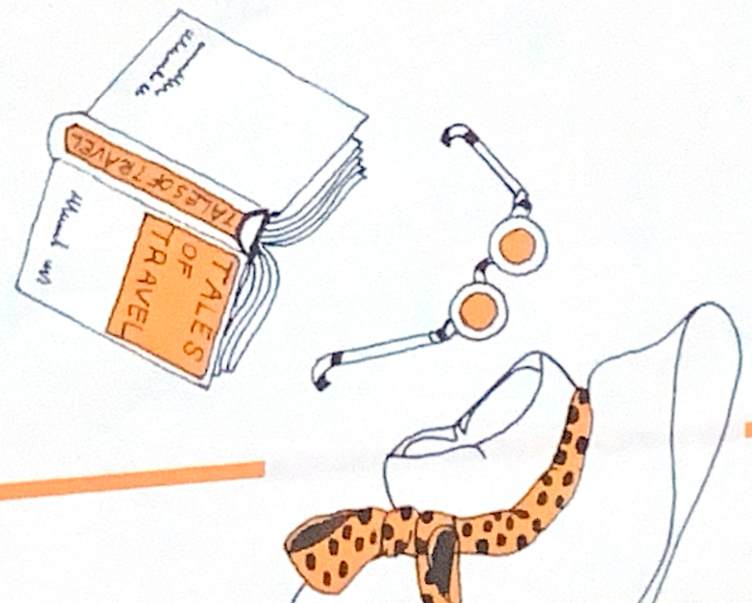
And . . . into the water she goes!

Miyoshi Tatsuji

The Fox Rhyme

Aunt was on the garden seat
Enjoying a wee nap and
Along came a fox! teeth
Closed with a snap and
He's running to the woods with her
A-dangle and a-flap and—
Run, uncle, run
And see what has happened.

Ian Serraillier



If I Were a Fish

Splash, splosh!
Whenever I wash
I wish and wish and wish
That I lived in the water all day long
Like a slithery, slippery fish.

Splash, splish!
If I were a fish
I wouldn't have to wash.
I wouldn't need soap or a towel or a sponge,

But I'd splish —
And I'd splash —
And I'd splosh!

Alison Winn

If

If I was a dragon
I would blow and blow
I would blow people up
In the air
Ho! Ho!

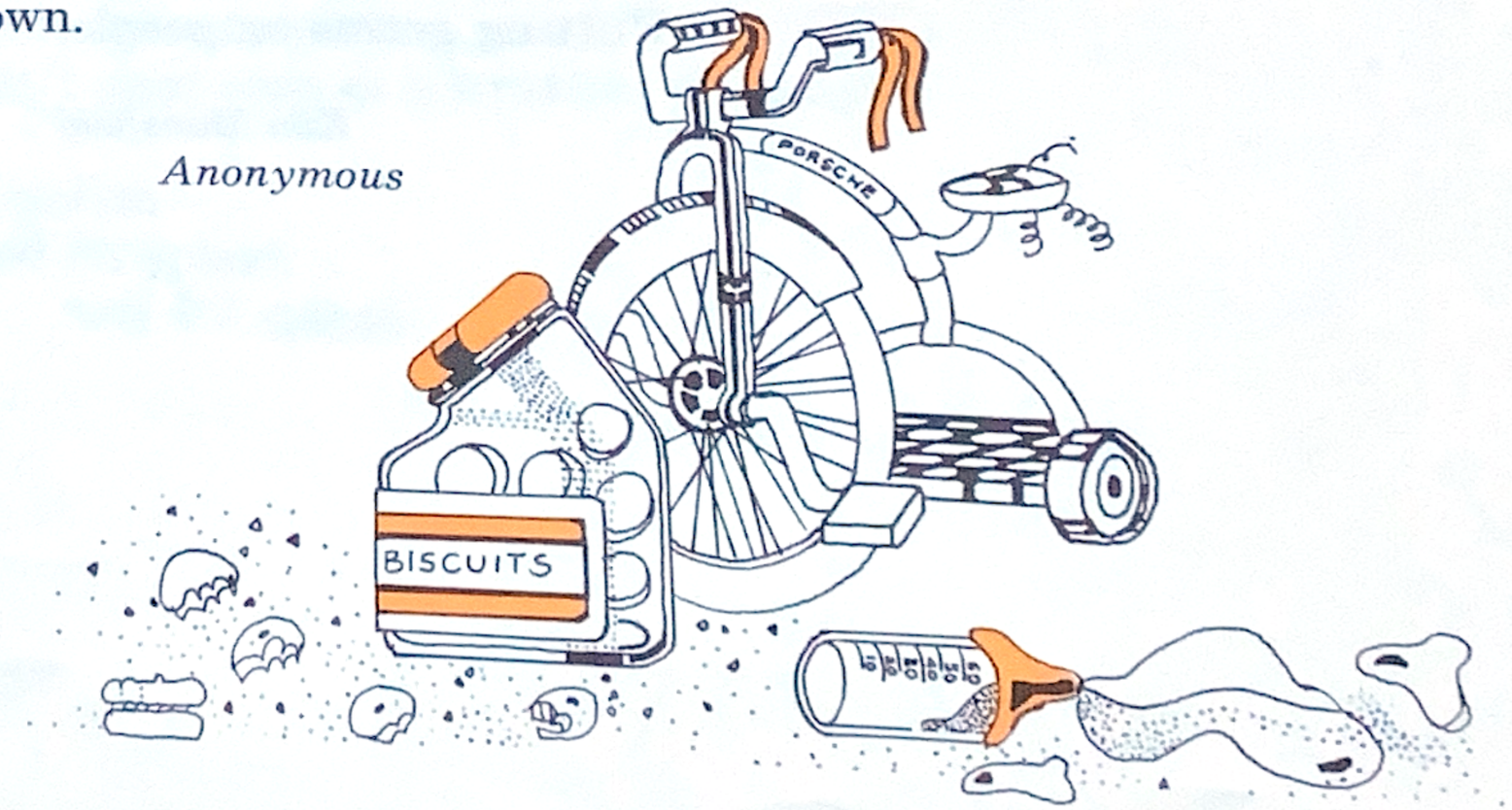
And if I was a flea
I would go around
Putting germs on people.

Kim Mansfield

Our Jane

Our Jane is two
She plays with a boy and
she has white hair and
she has blue eyes and
she has a runny nose and
she can't talk and
she eats biscuits and
she's fat and
she pinched my biscuits and
she's got a bike like an old cronk and
she plays with my train and
she's a monkey when telly's on.
She plays about
She plays up and down.
They let her.

Anonymous



This is just to say

I have eaten
the plums
that were in
the icebox

and which
you were probably
saving
for breakfast

Forgive me
they were delicious
so sweet
and so cold.

William Carlos Williams

Edward Arnold

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